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33

Darkey Wood Dealer.



DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers,
NEW YORK.

PLAYS FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY

15 CENTS EACH

	P
CRANFORD DAMES. 2 Scenes; 1½ hours.....	8
GERTRUDE MASON, M.D. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	7
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LESSON IN ELEGANCE. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	4
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MURDER WILL OUT. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	6
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OUTWITTED. 1 Act; 20 minutes.....	3
WHITE DOVE OF ONEIDA. 2 Acts; 45 minutes.....	4
SWEET FAMILY. 1 Act; 1 hour.....	8
BELLES OF BLACKVILLE. 1 Act; 2 hours.....	30
PRINCESS KIKU. (25 cents).....	13
RAINBOW KIMONA. (25 cents.) 2 Acts; 1½ hours.....	9
MERRY OLD MAIDS. (25 cents.) Motion Song.....	11

PLAYS FOR MALE CHARACTERS ONLY

15 CENTS EACH

	M
APRIL FOOLS. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	3
BYRD AND HURD. 1 Act; 40 minutes.....	6
DARKEY WOOD DEALER. 1 Act; 20 minutes.....	3
WANTED, A MAHATMA. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	4
HOLY TERROR. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	4
MANAGER'S TRIALS. 1 Act; 1 hour.....	9
MEDICA. 1 Act; 35 minutes.....	7
NIGGER NIGHT SCHOOL. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	6
SLIM JIM AND THE HOODOO. 1 Act; 30 minutes.....	5
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SNOBSON'S STAG PARTY. 1 Act; 1 hour.....	12
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DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

THE DARKEY
WOOD DEALER

A FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY
CHARLES TOWNSEND

1857 (Oct. 7) -

Author of "BORDER LAND," "THE WOVEN WEB," "RIO GRANDE," "SUB ROSA,"
"EARLY VOWS," "ONLY A TRAMP," "DECEPTION," "ON GUARD," "WON-
DERFUL LETTER," ETC.

AUTHOR'S EDITION, WITH THE CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, TIME
OF REPRESENTATION, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, DIA-
GRAM OF THE STAGE SETTING, DESCRIPTION OF THE
COSTUMES, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RELA-
TIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS, EXPLANA-
TION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, ETC., AND
ALL OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS
18 ANN STREET

WORLD'S MOST



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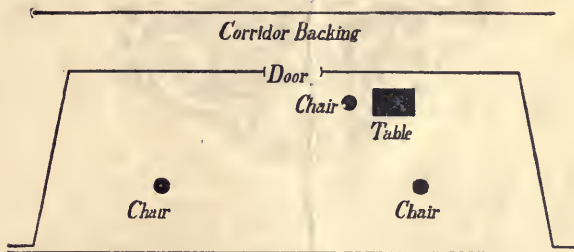
THE DARKEY WOOD DEALER.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

		<i>Hermon Opera House</i>
		<i>Hermon, N. Y.,</i>
		<i>August 17, 1889.</i>
MR. CLEVANDALL	<i>(a darkey wood dealer)</i>	Mr. Charles Townsend
DEACON DECKER	} <i>a hen-pecked husband with a temper</i>	Mr. John Given.
MRS. DECKER		} <i>a lady with a strong will and stronger arm</i>

TIME OF PLAYING—TWENTY MINUTES.

SCENERY.



SCENE. Nicely furnished room in third grooves. Carpet down. Table, with chair, L. C. Chairs R. and L. Door C. in flat.

N. B. Set scenery is not essential, and may be dispensed with if preferred.

COSTUMES.

CLEVANDALL.—Poorly dressed. Ragged linen duster, split up the back. Tattered straw hat. Black woolly wig. Negro "make-up."

THE DARKEY WOOD DEALER.

DEACON DECKER.—Gray hair and side whiskers. Old fashioned frock coat, collar and necktie; white vest; dark trowsers. This is an eccentric old man, shrill in voice and shaky in walk. Uses large cane, and “sputters” when angry.

MRS. DECKER.—House dress. General make-up of “strong-minded” woman.

PROPERTIES.

Newspaper. Whip. Very large revolver. Walking stick.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

In observing, the performer is supposed to face the audience. R., means right; L., left; C., centre; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; D. F., door in the flat or back scene; R. F., right side of the flat; L. F., left side of the flat; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; 1 E., first entrance; 2 E., second entrance; U. E., upper entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G., first, second or third grooves; UP STAGE, towards the back; DOWN STAGE, towards the footlights.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.





THE DARKEY WOOD DEALER.

Scene.—*Nicely furnished room in 3d grooves; door C. in F. Carpet down; table with spread L. C.; chairs R. and L.*

Discover DEACON *asleep in chair, R. MRS. DECKER reading newspaper at table, L. C.*

Mrs. Decker. (*looking up*) Deacon! (*he snores*) Deacon! (*snore*) Deacon! (*loud snore. She lays down paper and glares at him*) Deacon Decker! (*snore. She approaches and screams in his ear*) Deacon Deck—er—er!

Deacon. (*tumbles over backward*) Did—(*rising*)—did—did you speak—my love?

Mrs. D. Did I speak? Oh—h—h! If I wasn't a woman and the wife of a man—

Dea. (L.) C—c—*could* you be a wife and not be a woman, my love?

Mrs. D. (R.) You idiot!

Dea. Ye—ye—yes—my love.

Mrs. D. Hold your tongue! What a fool I was—

Dea. Yes—my love.

Mrs. D. (*screams*) *Hold your tongue!* See here; there are a few little things that I want from the stores to-day. You must go after them, as I must finish my essay on "How to make home happy."

Dea. Yes—my love.

Mrs. D. Very well. (*rapidly*) I want a paper of pins, a crochet needle, a ball of green worsted, two spools of cotton thread—one white, number 60, and one black, number 50—a yard-and-a-quarter of white Java canvas, a pint of cod liver oil, half a dozen ladies' fine pens and a porous plaster, a box of Rough on Rats and some anti-bilious pills, two yards of gimp, same as I got yesterday, a box of baking powder, a dozen eggs and a brown veil, two quires of writing paper, ten pounds of coffee sugar, fifteen yards of sheeting, some postage stamps and a liver pad. (DEACON *collapses and falls into chair*) There! Do you hear?

Dea. (*faintly*) Yes—my love!

Mrs. D. Start along, then. And if you make one single, solitary mistake, I'll shake the daylight right out of you. Do you hear?

Dea. Yes—my love.

Clevandall. (*outside*) Whoa, haw gee back! Come croun' dar! Whup!

Mrs. D. Goodness! What's that? (*goes L.*)

Enter, CLEVANDALL, C. D.

Clevandall. G'mawnin', boss. G'mawnin', miss. Wanter buy any wood ter day, boss?

Dea. (R.) No sir!

Clev. (C.) You wanter buy any, miss?

Mrs. D. (L.) No *sir!*

Clev. All right, miss. Mighty good wood, boss.

Dea. Clear out!

Clev. Yesser. Shore *you* don't want none, miss?

Mrs. D. I told you once.

Clev. All right, miss. Yo' doesn't want any needer, boss?

Dea. (*starting towards him*) Will you clear out?

Clev. Cert'ly boss, cert'ly! Exit, *quickly*, C. D.

Dea. (C.) What an impudent nigger!

Mrs. D. (L. C.) Why didn't you throw him out?

Dea. Ahem! Well—I was just going to, my love.

Mrs. D. (*scornfully*) Yes—you were!

Dea. Well, why didn't *you* do it, my love? I—I—I'm sure that you're the best man of the two!

Mrs. D. (*threatens*) Don't you dare insult me, sir!

Dea. No—my love. I—I think I'll go down street, now.

Mrs. D. Hold on a minute. What did I tell you to get for me?

Dea. (L., *aside*) Oh, lord!

Mrs. D. Come sir.

Dea. A p—p—paper of pins—

Mrs. D. Well?

Dea. A—a—a— (*aside*) holy smoke!

Mrs. D. Well?

Dea. A—a crochet needle—

Mrs. D. Well?

Dea. (*aside*) Oh, lord! I can't remember another condemned thing!

Mrs. D. Well!

Dea. (*desperately*) Fifty spools of worsted—sixty yards of—of Rough on Rats—forty dozen anti-bilious pills—a—a quire of steel pens—a barrel of cod liver oil—an'—an'—an' ten pounds of—er—er—postage stamps!

Mrs. D. (*backing him across stage*) Idiot! Stupid! Silly! Foolish fool!

Clev. (*outside*) Whoa, haw gee, back! come aroun' dar! Whup!

Enter, CLEVANDALL, C. D.

Clev. (C.) G'mawnin', boss. G'mawnin', miss. Wanter buy any wood ter day, boss?

Dea. (R.) *No, sir!*

Clev. D—d—does *you* wanter buy any wood, miss?

Mrs. D. (L.) Leave the room, sir.

Clev. Yesser. Pow'ful good wood, boss—

Dea. (*screams*) *Will—you—clear—out!*

Clev. Oh, yesser. Shore *you* doesn't want none, miss?

Mrs. D. I'll send for the police if you don't go.

Clev. (*at door, c.*) I'se gwine. G'day boss. G'day Miss.
Exit, C. D.

Dea. Did you ever!

Mrs. D. No I never!

Dea. Well, if that impudent black nigger dares to come around here again, I'll—whoop!—I'll break every backbone in his body.
(*struts up stage*)

Mrs. D. If you don't, I'll break yours.

Clev. (*outside*) Whoa, haw gee, back! Come aroun' dar! Gee, haw back! Come aroun' dar. Whup!

Mrs. D. There! There he comes again.

Dea. (*pulling up sleeves and brandishing cane*) I'll fix him!

Enter, CLEVANDALL, C. D., *whip in hand.*

Clev. G'mawnin', boss. G'mawnin', miss. Wa—wa—wanter buy any wood ter day, boss?

Dea. (L., *aside*) I'll have a little fun with him first. Look here, (*to CLEVANDALL*) what kind of wood have you got?

Clev. (C.) Oh, it's good wood.

Dea. Yes, but what sort?

Clev. Oh—yesser. It's—it's sorter sort.

Dea. Well, but what class is it?

Clev. Fust class sah, fust class. Does yo' wanter—

Mrs. D. (*sits R.*) What's it for, stupid?

Clev. (*indignantly*) No *mum*, 'tain't fo' stupid! It's fo' fiah.
(*aside*) I reckons dat a' woman hain't got good sense.

Dea. I mean, what classification is it?

Clev. (*puzzled*) Classi—classi—(*scratches head*)—er—yesser, yesser—dat's it!

Dea. Good lord! *Are* you a fool?

Clev. Yesser. Does yo' wanter buy any—

Mrs. D. What—kind—of—trees—is—your—wood—cut—from?

Clev. Why, *wooden* trees ob co'se. (*aside*) No, sah! Dat ar' woman hain't gotter bit o' sense!

Dea. Is it beech, or ash, or oak or maple?

Clev. Co'se it is! Why didn't yo' say so afore?

Dea. What have you in your hand?

Clev. (*holding whip in right hand, holds up left hand*) Nuffin.

Dea. No—I mean in your other hand.

Clev. (*changes whip, holds up right hand*) Nuffin.

Dea. (*pointing to whip*) What's that thing?

Clev. (*holding up whip*) Dat? Oh, dat's my dissuader, sah.

Mrs. D. Your what?

Clev. My dissuader.

Mrs. D. What's it for?

Clev. (*aside*) Oh me, oh my! She jes' ain't got no sense—no sense 'tall!

Dea. Well, what *is* it for?

Clev. Dis? Why, it's whut I dissuade my ole mule wiv when he wants ter strike fo' more oat.

Dea. Let me see it.

Clev. Yesser. (*gives whip*) Does yo' want'er buy any wood? (DEACON *lashes him*) Wouch! Wah! Wha' fo' yo' do dat fo'?

Dea. (*up c.*) Well sir, you've been bothering me with your infernal old wood—

Clev. Does yo' want'er buy some?

Dea. What's your name?

Clev. None o' yo' business!

Dea. What's your name? (*lashes him*)

Clev. Ouch! Clevandall.

Dea. Clevandall what?

Clev. No, sir; not Clevandall *wot!* Mistah Clevandall, sah.

Dea. What's your first name?

Clev. Does—does yo' want de hull ob it?

Dea. Of course.

Clev. Whew! Whew! Whew!

Dea. What's the matter?

Clev. Well, yo' see, boss, when I wus young I wus sech a *beautiful* babby dat all my folkses an' relationses wanted me named arter 'em. An' so de ole man sorter compermised by namin' me arter de hull ob 'em. An' dat's why my name am (*rapidly*) Jehonas, Hubbard, Lubbard, Lambert, Lunk, Van Dunk, Peter, Jacobus, Lockamore Clevandall!

Dea. That's quite a name.

Clev. Yesser. Does yo' want'er buy any—

Dea. Now spell it.

Clev. Spell it?

Dea. Yes.

Clev. (*carelessly*) Oh, I hasn't got time.

Dea. (*lashes him*) Spell—your—name!

Clev. (*quickly*) J-e Je, h-o-o, Jeho, n-a-s nas Jehonas—H-u-b Hub, b-a-r-d bard Jehonas, Hubbard, L-u-b Lub, Jehonas, Hub-

bard, Lub, b-a-r-d bard, Jehonas, Hubbard, Lubbard, L-a-m Lam, Jehonas, Hubbard, Lubbard, Lam, b-e-r-t bert, Jehonas, Hubbard, Lubbard, Lambert, (*continue spelling and repeating from beginning to end of name*) Dat's all!

Dea. Very well. Now sing.

Clev. Boss, say boss, I can't sing. I'se gotter cold (*sneezes*) A-choo!

Dea. Sing! (*cracks whip*)

Clev. All right, boss. (*sings negro song*)

Dea. Now sir, dance.

Clev. W-w-what!

Dea. Dance!

Clev. N-n-n-now see har, boss, I b'longs to de Mefdis chu'ch, I does, an'—an' dey don't 'low dancin'.

Dea. (*lashes him*) Dance! (CLEV. *dances*) Crow! (CLEV. *crowes*) Bark! (CLEV. *barks*) Now sir, did you ever go to a circus?

Clev. Well—yesser, when I was young an' frisky I uster circus it a little.

Dea. Very well; you know what they do in circuses?

Clev. What's dat?

Dea. Stand on their heads. Let's see you do it.

Clev. Say boss, I can't do dat nohow. I'se got de room-attics, an' de spring halt, an' de pluribus unicorn, an'—

Dea. (*lashes him*) Stand on your head! (CLEV. *tries to and tumbles over*) There sir. (*throws him whip*) I think I have taught you a lesson. Next time you will know that *no* means *no*.

Clev. (*at door, c.*) Yesser. Wanter buy any wood ter day, boss?

Dea. You infernal—

Clev. Yesser. G'day, boss!

Exit, *quickly*, C. D.

Dea. That's absolutely the stupidest nigger I ever saw.

Mrs. D. Well, he won't come back again, after the lesson *we* taught him.

Dea. We! *We!*

Mrs. D. Yes, *we!* You wouldn't have dared open your cowardly mouth if *I* hadn't been here.

Dea. Madam! I made that nigger stand around, madam, and I want you to understand, madam, that my Ebenezzer is aroused, madam, and I—

Mrs. D. (C.) Hold your tongue, sir!

Dea. (C.) Bur-r-r-r! Hold *your* tongue, madam!

Mrs. D. What! (*shaking, and pushing him, R.*) What! Hold *my* tongue, eh! (*shaking him*) Eh! Hold-my tongue? (*shaking him*)

Clev. (*outside*) Whoa, haw gee,—back! Come aroun' dar! Whup!

Enter, CLEVANDALL, *quickly* C. D.

Clev. G'mawnin', boss. G'mawnin', Miss. Wanter buy any wood ter day, boss? (*they both rush at him*) Hole on dar! (*draws large revolver*) Hole on! (*they retreat, R.*) I sorter reckoned you'd hole on.

Dea. }
Mrs. D. } (*R. front*) Fire! Police! Murder!

Clev. (*coolly*) Dar's jes no sorter use fur yo' ter hooller "perlice," kase dar ain't none aroun' heah.

Dea. (*getting behind MRS. D.*) D-d-d-d-don't be afraid, my love—I'll protect you!

Mrs. D. Ooch! Ouch! Point that thing the other way!

Dea. T-t-take it cool—my love. I'll protect you!

Clev. (*aside*) Golly! Reckon I'll hab some fun wiv dese yar folkses. (*aims pistol*) Fi-z-z-z!

Dea. D-d-d don't!

Clev. (*aims pistol*) Siz-z-z-z!

Mrs. D. Wouch! Wooch! Murder!

Dea. Don't holler—my love. I'll protect you!

Clev. Now look yeah! Yo' ole he-rooster stay whar yo' is, an' yo' ole she-rooster go ober dar. (*points L.*)

Mrs. D. I shan't stir a step! So there!

Clev. (*aims pistol*) Go—ober—dar.

Mrs. D. O-o-o-h! (*runs L.*)

Dea. (*R.*) D-d-d-don't be scared—my love. I'll protect you!

Clev. Whut's yo' name?

Dea. None of your business!

Clev. (*aims pistol*) Whut's—yo'—name?

Dea. Deacon Darby Decker.

Clev. Spell it.

Mrs. D. Don't you do it.

Clev. Eh? (*aims at her*)

Mrs. D. Wah! Aim the other way!

Clev. Yes, mum. Now den; spell—yo'—name. (*DEACON spells it*) Dat's all right. Now sing.

Dea. (*aside*) Bur-r-r! Oh, let me get hold of him once!

Clev. Din yo' har me spoke?

Mrs. D. Don't you mind that nigger.

Clev. Eh! (*aims pistol*)

Mrs. D. Oh, yes, yes! Do sing!

Dea. I won't!

Clev. Sing "Shoo Fly." (*aims pistol*)

Dea. Oh, dear! (*sings, all out of time and tune*)

Clev. Well! Dat's pow'ful weak singin'. I cud do bettern dat, an' not open my mouf! Now le's see—oh yes! Le's see yo' dance!

Dea. (*hotly*) Sir! I—I—bur-r-r-r! Look here, sir, I—I—I'm a deacon in the church, sir! A deacon, sir, and *damn it, sir*, I never dance!

Clev. Yo's a nice deacon, yo' is, swarin' away like ole Belzebub! Dance, I say! (*aims pistol; DEACON dances, clumsily*) Now crow! (*he crows*) Bark! (*he barks*) Dat's a reg'lar bob-tailed yalier dog bark. Now say, boss, did yo' ebber go to de circus? Co'se yo' did—deaconses allers go. Now den, stan' on yo' head!

Dea. Look here sir—

Clev. (*aims pistol*) Stan'—on—yo'—head! (*DEACON tries to, and falls over*) Dat'll do. Git up. Sot down. Miss, whut's yo' name?

Mrs. D. Deacon, will you see me insulted?

Clev. (*aims pistol*) *Whut's—yo'—name?*

Mrs. D. Mehitable Ann Decker.

Clev. Dat's a reg'lar stem-winder, dat is! Spell it.

Mrs. D. I won't. Deacon, will you—

Clev. (*aims pistol*) Spell—yo'—name. (*she spells it*) Kerect Now sing.

Mrs. D. *What!*

Clev. Open yo' mouf an' wa'ble.

Dea. Y-y-yes, my love, you'd better sing.

Mrs. D. You old fool!

Clev. Co'se he is, but nebber mind dat. Yo' jes wa'ble. Sing, "I'se called Little Buttercup." (*she sings, out of tune*) Hole on, hole on! Dat's ernuff!

Mrs. D. Look here, we'll buy your wood if you'll leave.

Clev. Ain't got no time fo' any commershul distractions jes now. Miss, we'd like ter heah yo' crow! Crow now, crow like er rooster.

Mrs. D. I can't.

Clev. Crow like a hen. (*she crows*) Dat's a sorter spring chickun crow. Bark! (*she barks*) Worser an' worser. Dance!

Mrs. D. I can't dance. I won't dance!

Clev. (*aims pistol*) Dance! (*she dances*) Dat's it! Dat's it! Cut er down! (*she goes L. CLEVANDALL comes down C., and begins to laugh*) Now, miss, he, he, he! (*slaps his leg*) Miss—yah, yah, yah! Miss, wus yo'—te he, he! Wus yo' ebber—yah, yah, yah-h-h! Miss, wus yo' ebber to a—he, he—to a circus? Co'se yo' wus. Den I wants ter see yo'—ha, ha, ha! Wants ter see yo' stan'—ha, ha, ha-h (*bends over laughing; DEACON slips behind him and grabs pistol*)

Deacon. (C.) Now, you blasted nigger, it's my turn.

Clev. (R.) Huh! Dat ar' ole pistile ain't loaded!

Dea. Ah! (*throws it down*)

Clev. (*picks up pistol*) Yes it am! Yes it am! Yes it am! (*chases them off C. and L.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

Black Face Sketches

PICKLES AND TICKLES. 15 cents. A negro farce in 1 act, by THOMAS BARNES. 6 male characters. No scenery required. Runs 20 minutes unless specialties are introduced—by means of which the piece can be lengthened to suit. *Pickles* and *Tickles* are rival dealers in second-hand clothes. Their quarrels, the pranks played by two live dummies and the comicalities of *Overanxious* and *The Parson's* ghost afford ample opportunity to keep the audience in a whirlwind of mirth.

DOCTOR SNOWBALL. 15 cents. A negro farce in one act, by JAMES BARNES. 3 male characters. Scene, a plain room with a table and two chairs. Crisp and snappy and admits of specialties. *The Doctor* has a great head, for humbug, *Zeke* a great head for gymnastics, and *Pompey* a great head for business. Will make the audience laugh themselves sore. Runs 20 minutes, if played straight, without specialties.

DARKEY BREACH OF PROMISE CASE. 15 cents. Nigger mock trial in 1 act and 1 scene, by J. BARNES. 21 male and 1 female character. Scene, a court-room. Time, about 35 minutes. An intensely funny travesty of a "Breach of Promise" trial in nigger dialect, full of wit and drollery, and ending in an elopement and a row.

DARKEY PHRENOLOGIST, The. 15 cents. A nigger absurdity in 1 act, for 2 male and 1 female (played by male) characters. By J. BARNES. Time, about 30 minutes. How a bogus phrenologist endeavors to illustrate the wonders of hypnotism, the pranks of his assistant, and a final catastrophe.

DARKEY WOOD-DEALER, The. 15 cents. A farce in 1 act, by CHAS. TOWNSEND. 2 males, 1 female. Time, 20 minutes. Each character is first-class. *The Wood-Dealer* is one of the best negro characters on the stage. *The Deacon* is a highly amusing old man, and *Mrs. Deacon* (this part may be played by a young man) a tremendous hit as a "strong minded" female. This farce is certain to keep the audience in a roar from first to last.

SLIM JIM AND THE HOODOO. 15 cents. A negro farce in 1 act, by THOS. BARNES. 5 male characters. The scene is laid in a grocery-store. Full of jokes, and abounding in comic "business." The grocer, a tough customer, a deacon with a weakness for "craps," a crank with patents on the brain, and a fat policeman keep up a succession of laughs that end in an explosion which will make the audience ache. Specialties can be introduced. The piece will run 30 minutes if played "straight."

NIGGER BOARDING HOUSE, The. 15 cents. Screaming farce in 1 act, by OLIVER WENLANDT. 5 male, 1 female (played by male), all burnt-cork characters. Scene, a commonly furnished apartment. Time, about 45 minutes. The terrible trials and perplexities of a boarding-house mistress, introducing a howling dude, a mischievous servant, etc. The farce deals with the lodgers' tribulations and has an extremely original funny ending.

NIGGER NIGHT SCHOOL, The. 15 cents. A farce in 1 act, by THOS. BARNES. 6 male characters. No scenery required, a desk for the Professor and a bench for the scholars being the only essentials. A funny skit full of comic business and darkey jokes that will fetch shouts of laughter from the front. Admits of specialties and runs 30 minutes.

DE TROUBLE BEGINS AT NINE. 15 cents. A negro farce in 1 act, by CHAS. WHITE. 2 male comedians. Funny all through, and admits of the introduction of various specialties. There is a comical music-lesson incident which will make the audience fairly scream. No scenery required. Plays about 20 minutes.

POISONED DARKEYS, The. 15 cents. An amusing interlude in 1 act, for 3 male characters, by H. ELLIOTT MCBRIDE. Time, about 15 minutes. Two darkeys manage to steal some rum, and are made to believe it was poison. Their terror is very comical.

THREE BLACK "SMITHS," The. 15 cents. An Ethiopian farce in one scene, for 3 darkey comedians. No scenery required. Plays about half an hour. *John Smith*, *Joe Smith* and *Jonah Smith* get into a laughable mix from sameness of name. Anybody who wants his wrinkles hammered smooth and the iron taken out of his soul, needs only to see the adventures of the Three Black Smiths



MILITARY PLAYS

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	M. F.
BY THE ENEMY'S HAND. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	10 4
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ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 4 Acts; 2 hours....	9 3
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BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2 hours	8 3

RURAL PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

MAN FROM MAINE. 5 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	9 3
AMONG THE BERKSHIRES. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	8 4
OAK FARM. 3 Acts; 2½ hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	7 4
GREAT WINTERSON MINE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6 4
SQUIRE THOMPSON'S DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	5 2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4 4
FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1 hour...	6 3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1 1

ENTERTAINMENTS

25 CENTS EACH

AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY. 1 Scene.....	5 11
BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 1 Scene.....	2 30
IN THE FERRY HOUSE. 1 Scene; 1½ hours.....	19 15
JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour.....	3 10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours.....	6 9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours.....	4 4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene.	13 12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY.....	8 11
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation.....	11
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes.....	15 14
EASTER TIDINGS. 20 minutes.....	8
BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1½ hours.....	1 13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents).....	11 8

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COMEDIES AND DRAMAS

25 CENTS EACH

		M.	F.
BREAKING HIS BONDS. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	3	
BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	11		6
COLLEGE CHUMS. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	9		3
COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9		4
DEACON. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	8		6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER. 2 Acts; 45 minutes.....	3		10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6		5
EASTSIDERS, The. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	8		4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW. 5 Acts; 2 hours.....	7		4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5		3
GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5		3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	4		6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6		3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	7		4
MY LADY DARRELL. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9		6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	13		4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5		4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6		9
REGULAR FLIRT. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4		4
ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5		3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6		4
STEEL KING. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5		3
WHAT'S NEXT? 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	7		4
WHITE LIE. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	4		3

WESTERN PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

ROCKY FORD. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	8	3	
GOLDEN GULCH. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	11		3
RED ROSETTE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6		3
MISS MOSHER OF COLORADO. 4 Acts; 2½ hours....	5		3
STUBBORN MOTOR CAR. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	7		4
CRAWFORD'S CLAIM. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2½ hours.	9		3

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